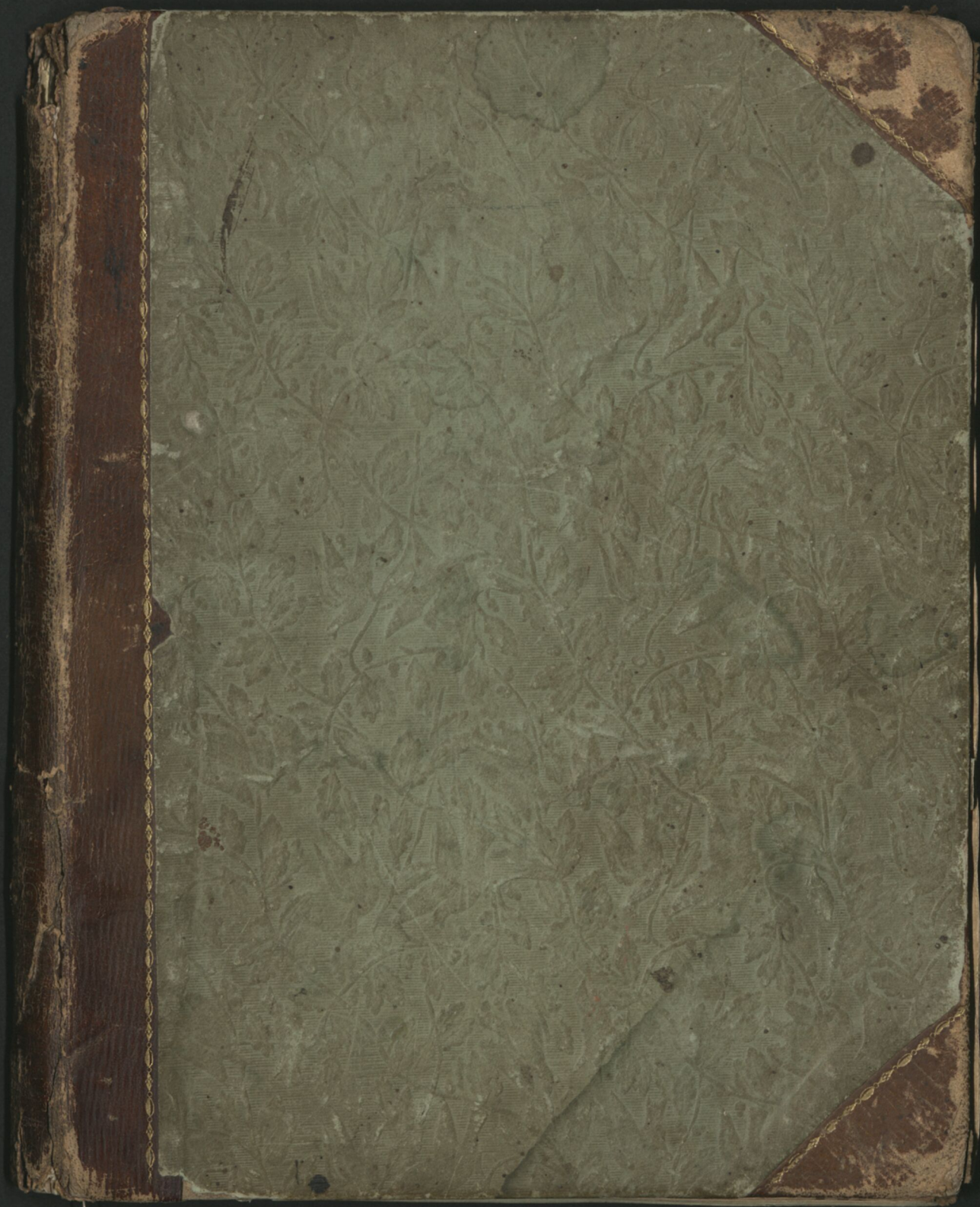






H. C.

NHT 102

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No. 62-38



GRACE CHURCH.

during the night. I even looked in that direction after dark, unless my attention was attracted there by some unusual occurrence, for fear of seeing something that would keep me awake at night.

"It was at twilight in the evening of the 13th day of March, in the year 1839, five years after the battle of Waterloo, while I was preparing supper in the cottage, that a traveler on horseback rode slowly and wearily over the moor and stopped at our door.

"I am weary with a long journey and my horse is fagged out," he said. "Can you accommodate me with room in your stable for my horse and food and shelter for myself for the night, good sir?" he asked of John, who was standing at the gate.

"This was not an unusual request, as we were seven miles away from the nearest inn, but it had always been our habit to decline receiving strangers into our house, because, in fact, we had no room for them. Therefore John replied to the traveler's inquiry:

"I am sorry that it will be impossible for us to accommodate you, sir. We have no room in our small cottage for strangers."

"I am a minister of the gospel," replied the traveler, who looked like one, "and both my horse and myself are very much worn out with our long journey. We cannot go a mile farther without dropping from exhaustion."

"I felt so sorry for the poor preacher and his poor horse, who hung down his head and trembled in every limb, that I whispered to my husband that I was willing to give up our bed in order to ac-

were laughing and talking as before, but it only lasted for a short time and then all was still again. Shortly after that the house was lit up again, and the noises came to us again on the still night air, but in a few minutes silence reigned and darkness shrouded the old mansion like the pall of death. John said to me in a whisper:

"Elizabeth, I am sure it is all over with the poor parson!"

"I went back to bed and hid my head under the bedclothes, while John paced the floor until the dawn, when he went out to feed the horses in the barn.

"I rose from the bed, all frightened as being left alone in the cottage, and locked the door. I then sat down by the window, moaning for the poor dead clergyman. How long I sat there I cannot tell. My hands covered my eyes, and I was crying when I heard the gate open, and ran to unlock the door for John to enter, when what was my astonishment to see what I thought was the ghost of the minister walking up the path from the gate toward the house.

"Go away!" I screamed at him, slamming the door, which I securely locked and bolted. I did not open it until I heard the voice and the familiar look of John.

"You may imagine how glad I was when I saw that the clergyman was alive and uninjured. I went about my breakfast with a lighter heart, and listened to his story with interest. Said he:

"I now know that your fears were as I supposed, groundless. I

Col



at 11/10/17

25th 1832
Eliza Baker's Nantucket Home



When go
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Faith can
To God
On wing
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Faith, the report of the saint.

When gathering clouds to mortal view,
Should even hopes sunny ray,
Faith can a rainbow path pursue
To God the source of day.
On wings of faith the imprisoned soul
Takes its hiding place,
And soars to realms where carols roll
Streams of celestial grace.
Amid the clustering woes of life
Faith gilds the pilgrim's way
Till this overcomes each fearful strife,
When heart and flesh decay.
Faith every rising fear controls;—
And soothes frail nature's pains;
The fainting spirit she consoles,
The broken heart sustains.
Faith, as a telescope, unseals
Yon portals of the sky,
And to our panting soul reveals
The saints' consummate joy.
Faith, as a radiant hold, shows
The path of Holiness;
Around its heavenward course it throws
Refulgent loveliness.

Newmarket June 25th 1832

John Lindzey

To

Faith.

Of fur

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To Eliza

Faith, hope, and love were questioned what they th^{ought}
Of future bliss, as by religion taught;
Now faith, believed it firmly to be true,
And hope, expected so to find it too,
But love answered (smiling with a generous glow,
Expect, Believe; I know it to be so

John. Jay. Bliss

"Earth's but an atom; greedy swords
Carve it amongst a thousand lords,
And yet they can't agree;

Let greedy swords still fight and slay,
I can be poor; but, Lord, I pray
To sit and smile with thee.

Edgartown apt J. J. B
15. 1832,

Call
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To Eliza

Call not on one thy spotless page to soil,
All whose attempts at mental strength or toil,
Results in nothing but unmeaning spoil,
Oh let me then alone.

Let some be found thy Album neat to fill,
In whom thou se'st the true poetic skill,
Nor think that I this gift can call at will,
Even let it be thy own.

So may it pleasure to thy bosom yield,
When my dull powers in Death's embrace are sealed,
In all thou'lt have my wisdom be revealed,
For many years to come.

To all that's pure or wise - or good - or fair
Mayst thou, dear girl, thy early tribute bear,
And then receive a tranquil summons, where,
Angels shall call thee home.

Ann

Nantucket June 27th 1832

When sick
When the deep
When friends
When dark, glo
When wealth
When time, big
When lone and
Are passed in
If you have a k
Be with the pa
You then may
So for unis

Sanctus

On Sickness

When sickness invades, when sorrows depress,
When the deep-heaving sigh, speaks heart-felt distress,
When friends are unfaithful, or brethren unkind,
When dark, gloomy scenes obtrude on the mind,
When wealth loses value, no honors are sought,
When time, highly prized, is passing for naught,
When lone and unheeded, life's transient hours,
Are passed in vain strife with opposing powers;
If you have a kind friend, who ever is near,
To soothe the pained bosom, and wipe off the tear;
You then may be cheerful; let nothing depress,
No foe uninvited, will e'er have access.

Lyon E. Barnard

Nantucket December the 7th 1832

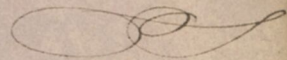


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Miss Anna

There well for me to write could I impart
One precept good whose home is not thy heart
I cannot. Tell me then what shall I say,
But wish thee every joy an lifes dark way.
Cherish the gems which thou hast learn'd to prize
I will fit thee for a mansion in the skies

Nantucket September 13 Miss M. J. Chase



For Eliza.

"My time is in thy hand! Delightful thought!
This will I wear as Memory's brightest gem.
Thou hast acquitted! Who shall dare condemn?
Thine, thine I am, by blood paid purchase bought:
Thine, if I live, thy hand will trace my way;
All things are mine, and working for my good,
Nor would I wish to alter if I could

One cloud, a sunbeam of my earthly day:
Victor of all! The keys of death are thine;
Sickness and pains and dark-winged powers of harm
Have lost, with me, the license to alarm,
Thou hast subdued them, and the gain is mine.
Thus, as on some high mountain top I rise,
And sit above the clouds, and live in stainless skies.

Sarah B. Coffin.

"He
God speak
whilst he
Has he not
dwelt long
take your
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it suffice the
Perhaps our pu
of our hearts;
of vanity or
us; and am
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Nantua

rise ye, and depart; for this is not your ^{rest}
God speaks by the rod, as well as by the word—
whilst he chastens us with his hand he teaches—
Has he not by events, plainly addressed us—ye have
dwelt long enough in this mountain; turn ye &
take your journey?"—Has he not by repeated
frustration of our hope, plainly said to us, "It
suffice thee: speak no more to me of this matter?"
Perhaps our purposes have been broken off, even the thought
of our hearts; or we have been made to prove months
of vanity or love & friend has been removed far from
us; and amidst the wreck of every thing dear to us,
a voice, though we knew not at first that it came from
heaven, said, "What hast thou here? & what dost thou
here? And if we are attached to the world with
all our affections what should we have been
without them? Of the pilgrims ever be seduced
from his way it is by flowers & prospects; if he ever
sits down & says himself asleep it is in a pleasant
& fair fine weather—not when the sky is dark
& stormy the road rough & midy—for then the thought
of home becomes dearer & we feel an excitement
to quicken his pace."

Nantuxet March 1833 J. L. Pease

To Eliza

"Saint not, Eliza, though thy way
Be rough, like that thy Saviour trod;
Though cold and stormy low'r the day
This path of suffering leads to God.

Nay, sink not, though from every limb
Are starting drops of toils and pain;
Thou dost but share the lot of Him,
With whom his followers are to reign.

Bear firmly, yet a few more days,
And thy hard trial will be past:
Then wrapt in glory's opening blaze
Thy soul will rest in heaven at last.

Go, sufferer, calmly meet the woes,
Which God's own mercy bids thee bear;
Then, rising as thy Saviour rose,
Go, his eternal victory share."

Nantucket July 1834.

Rebecca R. Coffin.

To Eliza

I may not hear usurp the page
To court the breath of fleeting fame,
Enough for me in after age
If in thy memory dwell my name
In after years in distant climes
What our future fate may be
A spell to call back by gone time
Still dwell the heart — remember me.
Remember me how few how strong
Those little words that little spell
What thoughts arise what visions throng
In wakeful fancy's holiest cell
They tell of many change to come
Alas every change bring joy to thee
In pleasure's light or sorrow's gloom
In bliss or woe — remember me.
Lydia E. Barnard
Nantucket Dec 9 1834.

E. Coffin.

My friend, the boon I'd ask for thee
Would be a life from sorrow free:

That every morning's sun should rise
To gild with bliss thy youthful skies;
And all thy hours be crowned with joy
Unsublaid by grief, without alloy.

Yet while I crave this wish for thee
I know, indeed, it cannot be.

This life's a stormy sea at best,
And those who toss upon its billow,
Must have an aching breast,
Must often weep the mournful willow.

But there's a heaven for the good,
Far, far beyond the stormy flood,
More peaceful than the sunny lake,
When nothing doth its surface break;
More calm than pearly evenings are,
More glorious than the morning star.
And the best souls who enter there.

And breathe that pure and heavenly air—
Are more secure from all alarms,
Than infants in their mother's arms.
Nay, the best haven then be those,

And I know can be;
Mayst thou inherit joys divine,
And all I ask for thee!

Lytia G. Swain



From a sketch by Sutherland.

Engraved by W.E. Tucker.

CAPTURE OF ANDRE.

Published by S.C. Goodrich, Boston, Mass.

Swain

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transcendant

Edy

Virtue.

"There is no jewel, among the beautiful ornaments that adorn life, of more sterling value than virtue.

It is truly of inestimable price, enriching and enabling its possessor beyond the power of mines of gold or titles of renown and chivalry. The monarch on the throne without it is poor and despicable;—the jewel in his tiara, like the galaxied heavens in the absence of the Regal Queen, comparatively dim and valueless. Where it is not, learning and distinction, riches and glory are rayless things, poor empty baubles.—To the clown it imparts a true dignity, lifting the peasant's head above the plumed knight, in whose bosom this gem sparkleth not. What is man or woman without it. They may deem themselves among the lofty and distinguished, they may revel in delights and bask in friendships, and swim in oceans of joy, and if they have no fellowship, no kinred with virtue, their joys will be short-lived, their fellowships hollow, and their delights the sure forerunners of an untimely and dishonorable grave.

But those who possess it in all its strength and beauty are among the best and most favoured ones of earth. It glows upon the brow a diadem rare and costly, pouring out its sweet and mellow light upon the heart, reflecting all the exalted features of angelic purity and forming a halo of transcendent glory around the path of the just."

Edgartown, Oct. 22, 1832,

Charles Wain,

Edgartown

Selected for

Oh! wide they
Who paint her
Her step is light
Her features
In life's gay
Of pleasure da
She leads with
From the crowd
And when the
Or dark despair
She bids with
To brighter reg
From vulgar
Tis hers alone
For her its sn
For her, no ho
No!—should the
Each shattered
She would n
The arm is n

That you may possess the
Is the sincere wish

Edgartown

Nov^o 27th 1832

Selected for

Religion

Album

of Miss Eliza O Baker.

Oh! wide they wander from the path of truth
Who paint Religion with a brow of gloom...
Her step is buoyant with un fading youth,
Her features radiant with immortal bloom.
In life's gay morning when the crimson tide
Of pleasure dances through each burning vein,
She leads with guardian care her charge aside,
From the broad passage to undying pain..
And when the fluting joys of time are past
Or dark despondence on the spirit preys,
She bids with holy hope, the sufferer cast
To brighter regions his confiding gaze..
From vulgar joys from low debasing cares,
Tis hers alone the sinking soul to save.
For her its sweetest smile creation wears,
For her, no horrors has the yawning grave..
No! should this scene in headlong ruin close,
Each shattered planet from its orbit move,
She would not tremble, for full well she knows,
The arm is near her of unbounded LOVE.....

That you may possess the principle expressed in the lines above
Is the sincere wish of — — — Gust^d T. Baylies.

Religion and
our hearts, and
precepts. I
should aim
to do. Therefor
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Religion should be made the governing purpose of our hearts, and lead us to regulate our life by its precepts. In order to exemplify it in our lives, we should aim at pleasing God in every thing we do. Therefore we should let it govern our temper and tongue; let it make us industrious, gentle, kind, and prudent. If we would enjoy its benign influence, we should be charitable, benevolent and persevering; abstain from pride, selfishness, levity and moroseness; not easily discouraged, nor ever impatient under the trials and afflictions of life: but in every time and place make known our requests unto God; in humble believing prayer, resting only on the atoning merits of Christ for salvation.

^{ms}Volina ^{ms}Baglies

Edgartown October 1. 1832

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Edgerton. Oc

Human Life.

"Cold winter hastens on!

 Fair nature feels his grasp—

 Weeps o'er all her beauties gone,

 And sighs their glory past!

So life, thy Summer soon will end,

 Thine Autumn, too, will quick decay,

And Winter comes, when thou shalt bend,

 Within the tomb to mould away.

 Then may we daily seek

 Emission in thy skies,

 Where Summers never cease,

 And glory never dies!

There an eternal Spring shall bloom,

 With joys as vast as angels' powers,

And thrice ten thousand harps, in tune

 Shall praise the love that made it ours!"

Exeter Nov.

Oct. 5th 1832.

Richard L. Pease.

"Went how the ea
Casts her green
In crimson and gold
Decked, as they
Proudly they stand
Gleams, mid
Calmy waiting to
Honors that

"Low in the west
bapt in his
The clouds as
Press o'er his
Yet, though in
Light eternal
Light, that an
shall call

"Oh! when the
In brightness
While the last day
Beam with
Thus away they
Glow in life
Calmy waiting
Heaven's joy

Sept 19. 1873

"Mark how the earth, as the days are declining,
Casts her green robes of beauty away;
In crimson and gold, groves and mountains are shining,
Decked, as they fade, in their brightest array;
Proudly they stand in gorgeous splendor,
Glorious, mid the gathering gloom;
Calmly waiting to surrender,
Honors that freshly in Spring shall bloom."

"Low in the west day's King is descending,
Bapt in his mantle of beauty and light;
The clouds as they change, on their monarch attending,
Press o'er his path, and involve it in night;
Yet, though in darkness, and clouds disappearing,
Light eternal, round him flows;
Light, that man and nature cheering,
Shall call the gay morn from its deep repose."

"Oh! when the day of thy life is over,
In brightness like this, mayst thou sink to thy rest;
While the last dark clouds, that around thee hover,
Beam with light, from the realms of the blest:
Thus may thy pure and ripened spirit,
Glow in life's autumnal ray;
Calmly waiting to inherit,
Heaven's joyous springtime, that fades not away."

Sept 19. 1850. Charles W. Vick.

Know

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we are His -

for our God

devote our

supports.

And

And

And

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And

Sept. 29

Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture. *Psalms.*

Acknowledge in every possible way, both in publick and private, that Jehovah, the uncreated, self-existent and eternal Being, is in covenant with man, to instruct, redeem, love, and make him finally happy. God made us; therefore we are His— we are His people, and should acknowledge Him for our God— we are the sheep of his pasture, and should devote our lives to Him constantly, which he continually supports.

"His sovereign power without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed
He brought us to his fold again!"

Annina Jernegan

Sept. 29th 1832

The we

Jesus they save
The pledge of
The bright and
Shall light the
They only comfort
Of thousands
Who now have
Hosannas in the
Will cheer each
When time shall
Which count less a
From him pro
God hath preps
Await his true
Not for them
Like their greas
And drunk off
Like pilgrims,
Though doom'd
To stray thro

The way to happiness

Look thou to God,
Jesus thy Saviour! thy deliverer, Christ!
The pledge of hope! the anchor of the soul!
The bright and morning star! whose ^{beaming} tranquil
Shall light thee safe, through the dark vale of ^{the} death
Thy only comfort! He hath been the joy
Of thousands and ten thousand times ten thousand
Who now have spread their palms and learn to sing
Hosannas in the highest; and he still
Will cheer each heir of glory, that hour
When time shall be no more. Men, little think
What countless and eternal benefits
From him proceed. What blessings for his sake
God hath prepared, and what felicities
Await his true disciples; men who lived
Not for themselves, but others, and who bore
Like their great Master, many a load of woe
And drank affliction's cup, and walk'd through ^{the} ear
Like pilgrims, to a better country bound;
Though doom'd a while, by wisdom infinite
To stray through thorns, and bear the ^{things} buffe

Of sin and Satan: yet the strife will cease!
The journey shortly end! The race be o'er,
The crown be won.

With lasting gratitude
Let thy breast glow, for that direction true
Mid a dark world — the book of God! When joy
Perichelms in raptures like the dizzy mind
Makes every sound harmonious, every form
Appear in vernal beauties; lest the draught
Intoxicate, and hurry on thy feet
To join the evil throng, who share the gift
Unmindful of the giver, humbly turn
To that assemblage of all heavenly things,
Wisdom and righteousness, and mark the end
Of those who in prosperity, forget
The God that made them, and whose bounty
Sent them their every blessing. And when grief
Besets thy spirit to the earth, still fly
To the same fountain of all knowledge good
Its words shall sooth thy cares, remove thy do-
Allay thy sorrows, level make thy path,
Cheerful thy life, thy death serene.

September 21 1833 M.F.C.



Engraved by T. Houghley

All cease!
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 M. L. C.



Drawn by T. Donoghue.

DELAWARE WATER GAP.

Engraved by Geo. B. Ellis

"Virtue
She saw
No lack
In justice
In wisdom
In moderation
These, in
Anticipation
These are
We need

"Gods grace
Alone can
This is
That fills

Epiza

"Virtue alone can give true joy,
The sweets of virtue never cloy;
We take delight in doing good,
In justice, truth, and gratitude.
In aiding those whom cares oppress;
Administering comforts to distress;
These, these are joys which all who prove
Anticipate the bliss a lover
These are joys, and these alone
We ne'er repent or wish undone"

Lydia Coffin

Edgar Town Sept. 13. 1832

"God's gracious image on the soul restored,
Alone can perfect happiness afford;
This is the Christian's triumph, this the grace
That fills the heart with heaven's eternal peace."

"Virtue
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"Virtue alone can give true joy;
The sweets of virtue never cloy;
We take delight in doing good,
In justice, truth, and gratitude.
In aiding those whom cares oppress;
Administering comforts to distress;
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Edgar Town Sept. 13. 1832

"God's gracious image on the soul restored,
Alone can perfect happiness afford;
This is the Christian's triumph, this the grace
That fills the heart with heaven's eternal peace."

On the Beauty of Nature
P W^R

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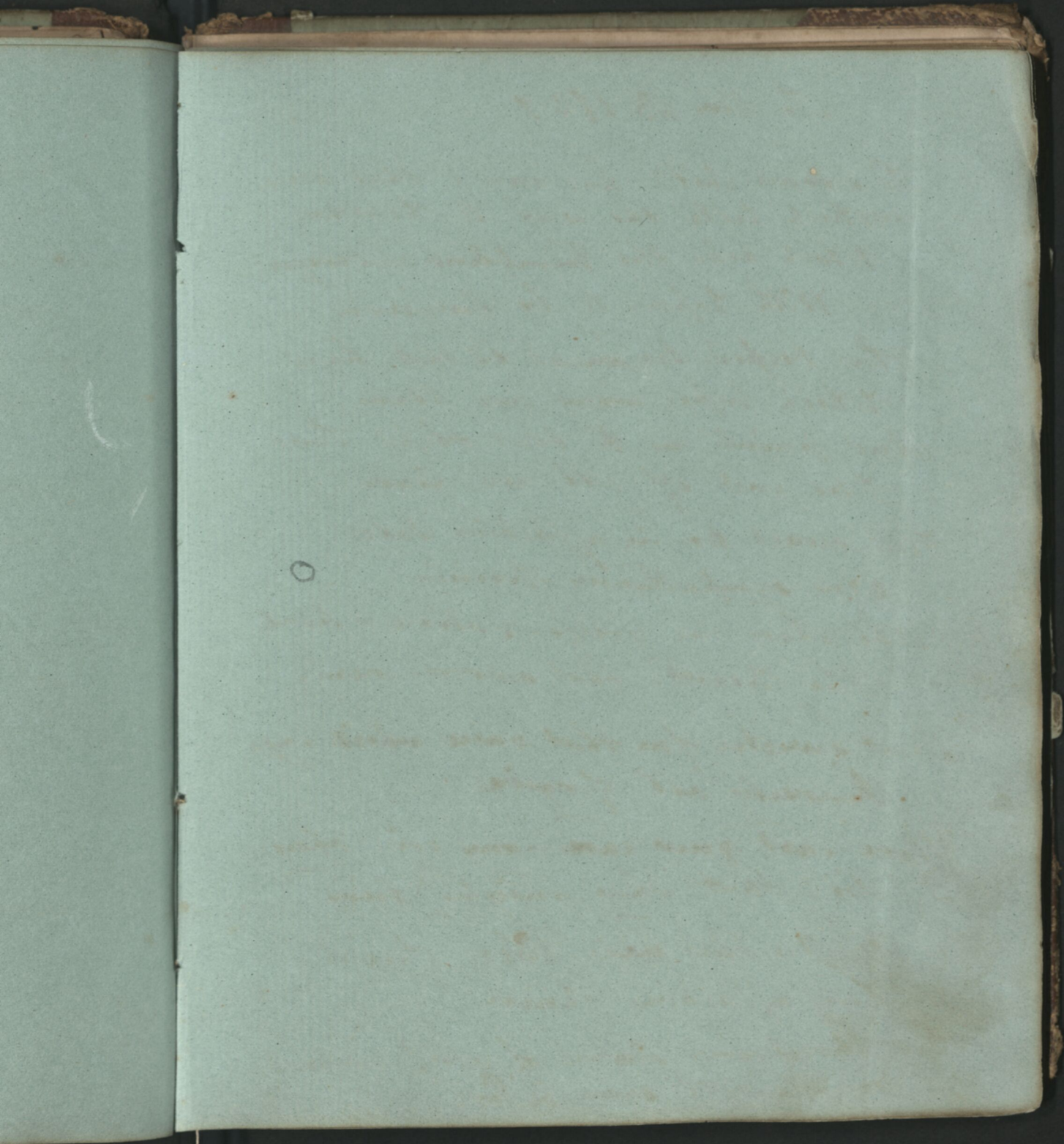
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To Mrs B 1837

To sorrow-child- how sweet that voice
Which tells the way to Heaven
Which bids the trembling soul rejoice
With hopes- to be forgiven
How blessed- too must be that hand
Which wipes away our tears
And points us to that blessed Land
The end of all our fears
How sweet too- in afflictions vale
Are sympathising friends
Who share our griefs- & strive to heal
The heart- that sorrow- rends
But sweeter far that voice which says
I freely all forgive
Here cast your cares- my voice obey
I die that thou might'st live
Yes blessed is this well tried friend
Who in afflictions hour
When threatening storms of grief impend
Whispers they'll soon be o'er

Which tells
of rest
That phase
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Which tells us - that there is a place -
of rest - and peace - in Heaven
That those who venture on his grace
I shall surely be forgiven

May you - my dear & valued friend
On him cast every care
And on his promises depend
He will your burden bear

The clouds and darkness - now may veil
In gloom - his vast designs
His gracious promise - will not fail
His glorious light will shine

The rectitude of all his ways
We must but own are just
Then let us bless & praise his name
The humbled to the dust



December 1

Lines to Miss

What shall I for the Album write
To show thee with a chaste delight?
Friendship's the theme oft mentioned here,
I would it always were sincere.

What could I wish even were it so,
I would it of friends without a foe?
Be wish they run may always shine;
And untired virtue too be thine.

A face lit up with constant smiles
A heart ne'er pained with jealousies or wiles
To know no sorrows, shed no tears,
A stranger to all sighs and fears.

To live above all mortal care
And have no cause for restless prayer,
No toils and trials here a stranger,
And live on earth secure from danger?

Up - the
I ask of
But un-
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- Lord

Shante

Wish such thing my sister spirit,
I ask or wish thou mayst inherit,
But unerring wisdom guide
And grace and truth with thee abide.

So that thou mayst in every place,
Exemplify the power of grace,
Will with propriety thy lot,
In city circles or a cot.

And all the peace and comfort find,
Which to the pious are assigned;
Thy tears with thy life flow down,
And then receive a glorious crown.

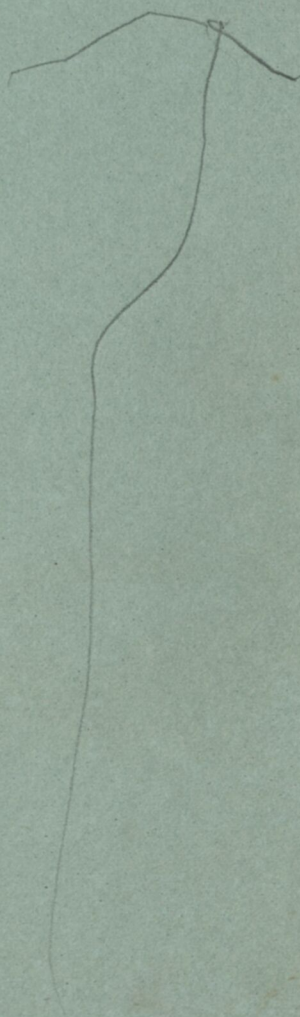
That all thy life to this may lead
Conclude the wishes of thy friend

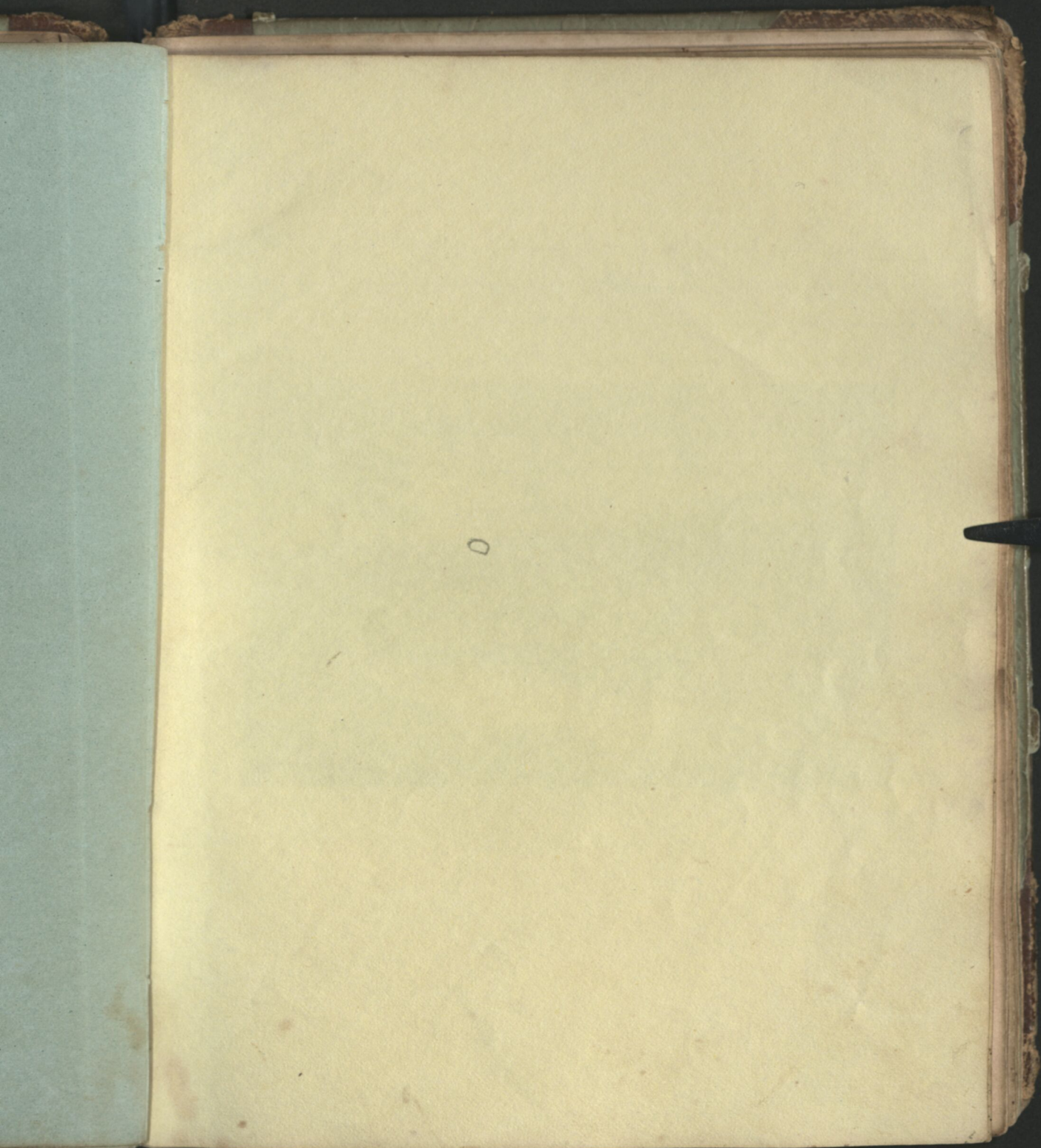
Wentworth August 7. 1834

W. S.



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Time flies swiftly away—year after year rolls round—
how little noticed—ere we are aware, old age creeps
on—middle age is passed, and life is nearly closed.
Oh! Eternity, with all its scenes is but one step
from us—how important is a preparation for
the hour of our dissolution—What a Treasure is
ours if sought and found—how free the Pardon
of youthful follies, the sins of ripen years, and
the imperfections of old age—

— May this Treasure ever be
— Mine, and this consolation ever fill thy Soul, that is by Grace ye are
— saved, true faith, and that not of your self, it is the gift of God. —

Samuel Pease.

Edgartown Nov: 26th 1852



W. & W. Wall pine!

in rolls round
old age creeps
nearly cloud-

but one step
to heaven for
treasure is
see the Parson
years, and

casualty can be
wreck up as
God. —

Lease.



W. A. Wall pinx.

TICONDEROGA.

Rev. M. M. M. del.

In men

In men

In men

Of one who

We trust

She gave to

And in her

The sickness

Naught

Her mind was

From who

And while by

She felt

And the the

Her mind

With over

Enjoying

Then the we

Assured as

And this she

Till we

In memory of Miss Eliza Baker 1837

In memory of departed worth
An humble friend resumes the pen
Of one who tho' consign'd to earth
We trust in Christ shall rise again
She gave herself and all to God
And in his precepts took delight
The sickness mark'd the path she trod
Nought could her happy prospects blight
Her mind was firmly fix'd on one
From whom alone her comfort came
And while by her his will was done
She felt to die - to her was gain
And tho' the grave contains her dust
Her virtues in each heart will live
With ours. Her spirit with the just
Enjoying all that Heaven can give
Then tho' we mourn - tis with a hope
Assured our friend is now at rest
And this shall cheer - & bear us up
Till we rejoin her with the blest Sarah

Say
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Lines written for Eliza

Lay will not I lend a patient ear
While thus my friend complains
Whose wishes rise above this changeful sphere
Whose hopes are fix'd where endless sunshine reign
Yes though she the noblest path has trod
And heaven directed she travels the way
The breast that bleeds beneath affliction's rod
I still will pity though I cannot allay
When on the couch of sickness she lay
Disease infectious threatening death around
I was in vain to keep the saviour away
For when he chastis'd, he with peace attends
Still my friend mayest thou live
Possessed of peace and calm supernal joys
That genuine peace which the world cannot give
Nor all its restless pleasure destroy

Julyth
11 1834

Phoebe B. Cottle



Friendship

Friendship is like a golden chain,
Whose links appear united,
But some rude hand soon snaps in twain,
And thus our hopes are blighted.

Friendship is like the morning dew,
Or like a fading flower,
That opens pleasing to the view,
But withers in an hour.

Thus those who form connexions here,
With prospects fair and bright,
May find a cloudy atmosphere,
Their day soon close in night.

True Friendship's like a precious gem;
Its price cannot be told;-
Bought or possessed by none but them
Who prize it more than gold.

June 28th 1834

Ally Coffin

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Religion the balm of life the anchor of hope
 the dispeller of fears the haven of rest will carry
 us into the arms of him who is mighty to save
 from every trouble, defended by his shield
 though afflictions spring not out of the dust
 they shall not hurt us supported by his power
 tho' the mighty rage they shall not prevail against
 us; guided by his wisdom tho' snares encompass our
 paths we shall escape them all in vain may be our
 toil for riches to secure us! but our trust in him will
 never be in vain. the arrows of affliction may reach
 the very pinnacle of greatness and cares and terrors
 climb up to us how ever high we may place ourselves
 but he is a tower of defence a place of safety a rock
 of salvation to all who put their trust in him and
 rely on his all-wise providence he will guide and
 direct the future events of our lives in such a manner
 as will prove by happy experience to be the most
 conducive to our own good and the most consistent
 with the scheme of our own happiness both here
 and hereafter —

June 18th 1834

W. B. Coffin

2 3
Dear friendship
How dear is
To oft I
So gently

The sweetest
Close from
And from my
Those feelings

But now I
Whom I most
Oh Heaven thy
And guard her

Oh never can tell
Till what we love
When our dear friend
Oh how I would

But soon I hope
The friend I
And then my
A wish a sigh

O Wareham

Lines to Eliza

Dear friendship sweet enchanting mine
How dear to me though art
For oft I feel the heavenly flame
So gently warm my heart

The sweetest feelings I have known
Close from friendships shine
And from my heart shall never flow
These feelings more divine

But now I mourn an absent friend
Whom I most fondly love
Oh! Heaven thy choicest blessings send
And guard her from above

Oh! never can tell how we love
Till what we love departs
When our dear friends are far away
Oh! how it wounds our hearts

But soon I hope to meet again
The friend I love so dear
And then my heart shall cease to grieve
A wish is all I have

Anna S. Washburn

Wareham July 4 1833

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Hope

O Ever skill'd to wear the form we love!
To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,
Come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
Thy voice, begin enchantress! let me hear,
Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom.
That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear
Shall soften, or shall chase misfortune's gloom.
But come not glowing in the dazzling ray
Which once with illusions charm'd my eye!
O strew no more, sweet flatterer! on my way,
The flowers I fondly thought too bright to dye.
Visions less fair will sooth my pensive breast,
That asks not happiness, but longs for rest.

Lewis. L. Bartlett.

To Mrs Bunker February 5th 1837

It is good for me that I have been afflicted

This my friend - was the language of an eminent servant
of God and how many at the present time have experienced
this to be the case with them - and been led to say with the
poor Psalmist - It is good for me that I have been afflicted -
afflictions - spring not from the dust - nor do troubles arise
by chance - they are the common lot of frail mortals -
sorrows or troubles - of whatever nature - they may be - are the
wise allotments of an infinitely wise Being - if one who knows
the end from the beginning. And the clouds and darkness
may seem to veil his vast designs to our short sighted vision
yet we may rest assured - that the foundations of his throne
are righteousness and judgment - and that he doeth all things
well - How many have come forth purified from the furnace
of affliction - and been made meet for the Master's use -
How many there are who thro much tribulation - have entered
the kingdom of heaven - and are now chanting the praises
of their Best Redeemer - of him who was himself a pattern
of resignation under the most aggravated suffering & affliction
he was indeed a man of sorrows - and acquainted with grief
yet not a murmur escaped him - He submitted to every
affliction in perfect humility - and if we would reign with him
shall we not be willing to suffer with him also - shall we
not be willing to bear without a murmur these light afflictions
which are but for a moment - & not worthy to be compared
with that eternal weight of glory which shall be revealed
then he that goeth forth weeping bearing precious seed - shall
doubtless return with joy in the morning - bringing his
sheaves with him - this life is but a state of trial

and probation - here
are great hopes and
will all be realized
in glory - here the
earthly thoppings
were centered -
relentless messen-
gers - who knew them -
by this we are
comforted - we are
& that vast immen-
sity who is the resur-
rector - who is from
who has left his so-
these dispensations
are there unfolded
the tomb - they p-
- mixed rest & joy
the dead - who shall
labors & then we
twice & again be
you no doubt have
commission in
peace and can
no other source
to your feet - a
you so far thro
your light in
a your support
your guide thro
death - & may
another & bet.

May 5th 1834

to be afflicted
in imminent servant
time have experienced
to say with the
been afflicted?
non do troubles rise
ficial moments -
may be - are the
ing - if one who knows
darkness
strict sighted vision
visions of his throne
to be both all things
is from the firmament
the Master's use -
tion - have entered
chanting the praises
as himself a pattern
suffering & affliction
visited with grief
mitted to every
and reign with him
in also - shall we
these light afflictions
worthy to be companion
which shall be revealed
precious seed - shall
- bringing his
a state of trial

and probation - here our fairest prospects are often blighted - here
our dearest hopes are often cut off - but in Heaven our fondest hope
will all be realized - no disappointment can enter that blessed
region - here the friends on whom we placed our hopes of
earthly happiness - those in whom our warmest affections
were centered - these one by one have felt victims to the
relentless messenger of death - the places which once
knew them - will know them no more on earth -
by this we are taught the folly of trusting to creature
comforts - we are reminded of the uncertainty of life
& the vast importance of placing our hopes on him
who is the resurrection & the life who will never disappoint
but who is from everlasting to everlasting the same - and
who has left his sacred word to cheer and animate us under
these dispensations of his providence - what blessed prospects
are there unfolded to every believer - beyond the confines of
the tomb - they point the way to a state of pure & un-
mixed rest & joy in Heaven - they assure us that blessed are
the dead - who shall die in the Lord - that they rest from their
labours & their work shall follow - you my friend who have
twice & again been called to taste the wormwood & the gall
you no doubt have found by reading his word - & with
communion with the Father of our spirit - that
peace and consolation which you could derive from
no other source - may his word ever prove as a lamp
to your feet - and a light to your path to lead
you safe thro' this vale of tears - may he ever be
your light in darkness & your strength - in weakness
& your support in the hour of affliction may he be
your guide thro' life - your support & stay in
death - & may he be your everlasting portion in
a better & better world than this

To Miss Eliza Barker

The only amaranthine flowers.

That ser adorn the mind of youth,
Or ever grow in Nature's bosom,
Are virtue and her sister truth.

Altho, these rare ambrosial flowers

Do not bloom in every soil.

But if still you can call them yours,

You shall rejoice beneath their smile.

May these fragrant and happy flowers,

Adorn thy heart and wreath thy head.

And when Nature yields her powers,

Thy name thy sick and dying bed.

Lydia B.

Edgworthstown Nov 25th 1832



Painted by T. Doughty



Painted by T. Douglass

SCHUYLKILL.

Engraved by Geo. D. Ellis

See, see
Knowledge
Wisdom,
And ver

Faith
Hope
And char
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Purest a
Is frail
To teach

Oh! my
To ponder
And fix
To Him

Search the Scriptures.

Yea, search them, for in them thou'lt surely find,
Knowledge, most precious, words of life and light:
Wisdom, surpassing all of human kind,
And virtue, yielding the most pure delight.

Faith that will stand thee in the hour of death,
Hope that will guide thy pathway to the tomb,
And charity, that to thy latest breath,
Will cheer thy heart - and all thy soul illumine.

Two precepts, bright examples thou shalt find
Purest and brightest - for the Lord on high
To frail mortality was even joined.
To teach us how to live, and how to die.

Oh! may we prize such knowledge - may we live
To ponder o'er the precepts of our Lord,
And fix them in our hearts, and gladly give
To Him who gave us his most precious word...

Isabella Fisher.

The Saviour's Promise.

in Washing

Thy grace is sufficient for thee... for my strength is made perfect

When streams of sorrow round me flow

Thou pinks my heart in waves of woe

My soul distressed with grief and care,

Yields to the anguish of despair.

The Saviour speaks in words of love

He bids me turn my thought above

To him I turn who says to me

Sufficient is my strength for thee.

When pleasure whispers to my heart

Thou says her treasures can impart

And seeks to soothe my aching breast

With his vain promises of rest

He points me to a world of peace

Where perfect joy shall never cease

And bids me on his grace repose

To strength to triumph o'er my foes.

When life is ebbing fast away

And fasts each returning day

Grey dim my heart a faint gleaming light

Whence earth is fading from my sight

And nought below but heav'n can bring

Thy point to hopes beyond the sky

To him I turn who says to me

Sufficient is my strength for thee

With hear me through the valley's gloom

And lead me gently to the tomb

And when the deathly shade is down

He'll point me to a heavenly realm

Bursting upon my ravished sight

In streams of never ending light

While harps of sweetest melody

Thrill their eternal jubilee

Chambers. March. 1837. Miss J. Bailey

in Plaster
It is made perfect

To Eliza

How sweet to have a hope in Heaven,
When pulse beats low, and cheeks grow pale,
And storms of life are fiercely driven;
When faded prospects quickly fall,
How sweet to have a hope in Heaven.

When friends that seemed most near, and dear,
Are from our bosoms swiftly driven;
And life's bright joys in gloom appear,
How sweet to have a hope in Heaven.

When lone and wandering, far from home,
A kind relief to us is given,
Oh! what would then, if we become,
If we had no hope in Heaven.

When all our comforts here are fled,
And earthly hopes from us are taken,
And we along the vale are spread
How sweet to have a hope in Heaven.

And when the end is drawing nigh,
Of life, through which we long have striven,
And we at last must drop and die
How sweet to have a hope in Heaven.

Mary Ann Goodfield.

Sambrook June. 1834.

37. Phoebe J. Bailey

Hope.

She comes our path to lighten,
To twine the diamond band
Uniting earth with Heaven
That happy spirit land
And when her way is dark

For
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Nantucket

For Miss Eliza Baker

Let pure Religion be your guide
The cross of Christ your only theme
Then through this world your sanctified
Till Heaven shall open on the scene,

Make the extended skies your tomb
Let stars record your worth
Yet know my friend that all must die
As nature's sickliest birth

David Jones

Nantucket December the 28 1833

Ah! why
A mortal
Ah! why
So soon
yet still
And strive

O holy
Behold
And let
That so

Ah! why should vanity enslave
A mortal journeying to the grave?
Ah! why should pride inflate a breast,
So soon beneath the clods to rest?
Yet still we yield to folly's reign,
And strive to break her sway in vain.

O Holy Saviour, hear our prayer,
Behold our toil, our fruitless care,
And let thy Spirit crush the foes
That so disturb our soul's repose.

A. P. Brown

Worcester Feb 23 1833



By love do
Are trials
To stem imp
To curb the
To wear
To that bless
Where wear
And every

April 22

Affliction's

*if we make a right use of them
are messengers of love from*



HEAVEN



sent to invite us

thither.

*By love directed, and in mercy sent,
Are trials suffer'd, and afflictions meant.
To stem impetuous passion's furious tide,
To curb the insolence of prosperous pride,
To wean from earth, and bid our wishes soar
To that best clime, where pain shall be no more,
Where wearied virtue shall for refuge fly,
And every tear be wiped from ev'ry eye.*

Sally Bunker.

April 22^d 1833.

There is no house
Where in the sun
There is no glorious
Whom we shall
His name the glitter
Haste on the prime
His name in kingdom
His name in robe
Haste on the prime
Haste on the prime
Haste on the prime
Haste on the prime

There is a home to pilgrims given where all the weary find repose
Where in the sunlit beams of heaven eternal bliss divinely flows
There is a glorious house at hand where every mortal band shall sever
Where we shall join in brilliant bands and shall our sport no more
Tis not the glittering coronets which form an monarch's glory
That on the princely brow is set which charms the scene before the
Tis not a kingdom and a throne, a waving palm, a sceptre
Nor jewells robe the precious stones that dote the soul's ensnare
That God whose hand hath framed the skies the heaven's ^{Creator} and earth
Hath bidden that these things disappear and seek in heaven a better
Place where this body sinks with pain, and death in death expires
The soul shall rise in heaven to reign crowned with immortal fire

Gemma. E. Birce

There is such
it is the life
are no christians
follower of
converse with
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receives and
broken with
draws near
healed and

The mercy
refuge in
this is our
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April 2

There is such a thing as converse with God in prayer, and it is the life and pleasure of a pious soul; without it we are no christians, and he that practises most, is the best follower of Christ; for our Lord spent much time in converse with his Heavenly Father. This is the balm that eases the most raging pains of the mind, when the wounded conscience comes to the mercy seat, and finds pardon and peace there. This is the cordial that revives and exalts our natures, when the spirit, broken with sorrows, and almost fainting to death, draws near to the Almighty physician, and is healed and refreshed.

The mercy seat in heaven is our surest and sweetest refuge in every hour of distress and darkness upon earth; this is our daily support and relief, while we are passing through a world of temptations and hardships, in the way to the promised land.

It is good to draw near to God.

April 22nd 1833

Nancy Bunker

An Acrostic

Mild as the long autumnal day,
Your life dear parent shines with closing ray,
Mercy attends thy steps, and as she goes,
On every throne plants heaven's immortal rose.
Time, while he turns thy reverend locks, surveys,
Heaven, bursting on thy sight in noon tide glare,
Earth, while it rolls beneath thy feet and flies,
Reveals a new formed angelic skies.

J. C. Baker

Aug 20th 1857



Decorative T. D. Doughty

day,
the closing rays,
he goes,
mortal rose.
locks, surveys,
conclude these
feet and then
he skies.
Baker



Drawn by T. Doughty

Engraved by G. B. Ellis

PASSAIC FALLS.

Of Humility

reception of
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we shall
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spiritual
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Humility

To Miss Eliza

Humility is indeed essential to the very reception of Christianity. for without this principle we shall be disposed to reject at least every truth revolting to human pride we shall require other ground for the belief in God than his revealed words. other evidence of his veracity than the internal conviction of our spiritual wants and the suitableness of that remedy which the Gospel presents to us. This principle therefore is indispensable without it we shall be little inclined cordially to receive Christianity as a light as to obey it as a rule. Without it we shall not discover the evil of our own hearts and without this discovery we shall by no means value the grace of the Holy Spirit we shall exercise no habitual dependence on the promised assistance nor ask for a supply of which we do not feel the want. But humility by leading us to form a just estimate of ourselves teaches us to discern the narrowness of our capacities. It reminds us that there are many things even in the works of God's natural creation far above our comprehension that from the ignorance and blindness of our minds we make frequent mistakes and form erroneous judgements about things comparatively obvious and intelligible. This temper will bring us to exhibit with fuller cordiality the testimony which God in his word gives of himself and cure us of the vanity of expecting it on the mere grounds that we cannot comprehend it. It will deliver us from the danger of being wiser above what is written.

Mary L. Cannon.

No Charge

Prayer

Go when the morning dawns go when the moon is bright
Go when the eve declines so in the South of night
Go with pure mind & feeling bring earthly things away
And in thy chamber kneeling do know in secret pray

Remember all who love thee all who are loved by thee

Pray too for those who hate thee if any such there be

Then for thyself in meekness a blessing humbly claim

And link with each petition thy great Redeemer's name

Oh if thou be denied thee in solitude to pray
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee when friends are round thy way
Even then the silent breathing of thy spirit raised above
Will reach his throne of glory who is mercy, truth & love

Oh! not a joy or blessing with this can compare
The power that he hath given us to give our souls in prayer
When thou standest in sadness before his footstool fall
And remember in thy gladness his grace is free for all

Thy

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On Death

No circumstance or occasion affords so impressive a lesson as the death bed of a fellow being here we may behold that man who a little while before was immersed in the busy scenes of life who permitted not the thoughts of death to enter his mind who triumphed in the riches honours and glories of the world whose vain schemes of greatness have fallen and who now sees that his life has been only a preface to that new state of existence on which he is about to enter. He is ready to confess that all the riches honours and affections of the world are not to be compared with having lived on honest life. Such occasions give us impressions which the writings of the philosopher and the declarations of the speculator can never produce. In the chamber of disease and death we are awaked from our natural lethargy and our animosities and passions are disarmed of their violence.

Where we see the end of all man's earthly hopes & projects. Where we see the servant and the served the rich & the poor the great and the small about to commingle with the congregated dust of thousands who have gone before them. Where the mind depicts to itself honour and shame, pride and disgrace reduced into one common receptacle the grave. The most important secrets are there imposed without the skill of the geometer or eloquence of the orator. Life is there divested of the glittering mantle which shrouds it in obscurity. Vanity is deprived of her gaiety & hypocrisy of her veil and life appears in her simple form.

Thos. L. Cannon.

To Mrs Baker 1834

May Heaven its choicest blessings send
I feel I ask it - not in vain
And may my much respected friend
Know sorrow - only - by the name.

May peace - such as the world ne'er gives
Nor by its malice - takes away
Be hers - while here on earth she lives
And hers - when all things - else decays
May anguish never rend her heart
But may her path thro' life - be smooth
And when her sorrows bid her part
May tender friends - be near to soothe
And may my much respected friend
While meditating on God's word
Full hope renew'd - that in the end
That Heaven will be her sure reward
And may she be the blessed means -
By having rich supplies of grace

Of turning
Into the
While she
May pure
For that
Since God -
May naught
But heal
Her child
By walk
May they
But give
And like
In steps
Together
To bless
Their sin
And their
And when
Which sha

Of turning many from their sins
Into the paths of righteousness,
While she the sacred word explains
May purest-pleasure fill her breast
For that she labours not in vain
Since God-is near-to own and bless
Her naught on earth-her bliss and joy
But health and plenty crown her days
Her children prove a source of joy
By walking-in religious ways
May they her counsels never slight
But give their earliest days to God
And like their parent-take delight
In steps she just have ever trod
Together may they long remain
To bless the world & to be blest
Their sun of life go down serene
And their last days be far the best
And when the solemn trumpet shall sound
Which shall awake their sleeping dust

May they among the saints be found
And have their part among the just

And art thou, Eliza, of that sacred band?
A lass, for us too soon! though rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
Of sadly pleas'd remembrance, must thou feel
A Mothers love, a Mothers tender woe:

Who seeks thee still, in many a former scene;
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely-beaming eyes,
Thy pleasing converse, thy gay lively sense
Inspired: where moral wisdom mildly shone,
Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,
In all her smiles, with ^{for}forbidding pride
But, O thou best of parents! wipe thy tears,
Or rather to Parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy; who for a while
Lent thee this younger self, this opening bloom
Of thy enlightened mind and gentle worth.
Believe in Him; the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter suns,
Through endless ages, into higher powers.

B. C. e. M. 1800

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To Eliza.

There is a world of Glory
Where pleasures never dies,
Which when your form shall perish,
Can buy your paradise;-
Where night's dark shadows never
Fall down upon the plain,
And where the saints for ever
With crowns of glory reign.

Nantucket July 1834

H. C. Cleveland.

Blessed were
preference of
hath spoken it. you
your heart. and
the Lord God is
and ever in
God that this may

Say Eliza
Flowers
Lilies
Blushing
All was
Pure the
Say Eliza
With and
Shed we even
Lilies alone
Make our
Pure the Rose
Say Eliza who
Who shall love
Watch us till
Then receive
He that ble
Plants the
Say Eliza
On the
Shall the
Spread he
Or shall
Died in

Blessed are they that believe: for them shall be a
performance of things, that has been promised them. The Lord
hath spoken it. you shall see my face. and my name shall be written in
your heart. and you shall no more need the sun or moon for
the Lord God shall give you light. and you shall reign for ever
and ever in his paradise above. Eliza, may you live so long
God that this may be your happy lot. is the wish of

Ann S.

From the Album of Miss Eliza Baker

Say Eliza have you seen
Flowers wither on the green
Lilies blooming to decay
Blushing beauties die away
All was sad and all was drear
Save the Rose of Sharon near
Say Eliza who can save
Youth and beauty from the grave
Shed us even dawning bloom
Lull us asleep on the tomb
Make our virtues all appear
Save the Rose of Sharon near
Say Eliza where is the friend
Who shall love us to the end
Watch us till our latest breath
Then receive our souls at death
He that bled and wept a tear
Plants the Rose of Sharon near
Say Eliza what shall bloom
On the margin of thy tomb
Shall the cypress or the yew
Spread her subtle leaves for you
Or shall Sharon's Rose appear
Dread and blossom ever near

Ann

W. W. W.

There is
When
There is
When
Such Pain
In sorrow

There is
But
There is
Oh!
Such Pain
And He
Wantuck

To Eliza.

There is a Faith which shall not die,
When other faith is dead;
There is a Hope that will not fly,
When other hopes are fled:
Such Faith and Hope are clear and bright
In sorrow's darkest, drearest night.

There is a Joy which never tires,
But cheers the soul for ever;
There is a Love whose flame expires,
Oh! never, never, never:
Such Faith, and Hope, and Joy divine,
And Holy Love, be thine and mine.

Nantucket July 1834.

Mary Worth.

0

Weak legs, &

Mere

Death, and

And

Affection

Inde

While

Very

Weakness, of worth of time of place,
Meridian strength, or infant bloom,
Death, snatches from our fond embrace
And plunges in the darksome tomb.
Affection, o'er the sacred shroud,
Indulges oft her deep drawn sigh
While soothing hope with voice divine
Whispers of realms beyond.

L. Webb.

To my Friend.

By the grace of God I'll meet you in Paradise,
I'll hail the happy meeting.

